

THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 24, 1960 . . 25c

I'LL SIT THIS ONE OUT

Kenneth Rexroth

The California Farm Worker

STILL IN DUBIOUS BATTLE

Dick Meister

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LETTERS

'Welfare-Warfare'

Dear Sirs: Would you care for the view of "welfare-warfare liberalism" expressed by both political parties as it appears to at least one insignificant, helpless, grass-roots citizen? Here it is: the "welfare" is a sop to the lower stratas (on which I live) for gaining the billions of dollars needed for the "warfare" part. But it is not liberal. . . .

I sense an unspoken resolve in the platform of both parties to plunge us into war to annihilate the Communist system rather than to face the very real politico-economic challenge which communism poses.

ROSE G. LE VAN

East Chicago, Ind.

The Beauty of Finland

Dear Sirs: Having lived in Finland for a year, during which I came to feel both admiration and affection for that country and its people, I was profoundly disturbed by Jean Martin's "Letter from Finland" in the September 3 issue. . . . This dreary portrayal reads as though Miss Martin, having resolved in advance to find a "grim, gray atmosphere," had determinedly closed her eyes and ears to any but unfavorable impressions. . . . It is difficult to account for her failure to have observed the attractive flower beds in the little park facing the railroad station, the handsome tree-lined streets along both sides of the Aura River that bisects the city, or the impressive thirteenth-century cathedral that dominates its skyline. And it is hard to understand how she could have missed . . . the beautiful new campus of the University of Turku, one of whose buildings bears the inspiring inscription, "A gift of a free people to free learning."

It seems incredible that at Toijala she should have been more keenly aware of the "roundhouse of antique vintage" than of the huge pots of flowers that adorn the station platform, that she should have been unimpressed by the spotless cleanliness of the buildings in the industrial city of Tampere, or that she should have been oblivious to the beautiful and ever-changing vistas of farming country and forest along the lake trip to Hämeenlinna. Helsinki does, indeed, present a mixture of old and new; the best of the old, of which Miss Martin makes no mention, is to be found in the square surrounding the Great Church; the best of the new in the convenient, modern apartments on the out-

skirts of the city, in their unspoiled evergreen forest settings.

If Miss Martin, taking a less condescending attitude toward the "impenetrable jungle" of the Finnish language, had undertaken to learn to speak even a few words in this tongue, she could hardly have failed to become aware of the friendliness and good will which almost all of the Finnish people feel towards Americans. She might have learned, also, of the excellence of their educational institutions, and of the almost universal interest in art, literature and music. . . .

ARTHUR W. DAVIDSON

Lawrence, Kan.

Brewery Beauties

Dear Sirs: The 1961 Miss Rheingold beauty contest hucksters are pushing for sixty million ballots, and we're taking bets they get more votes than Kennedy-Nixon combined. Which leads us to the prediction: By 1968 Atlantic City will replace Washington, D.C., as the National Capital.

SIDNEY BERNARD

New York City

Lolita: Two Views

Dear Sirs: (Re: "Lolita and Lollipops," by Eve Merriam, *The Nation*, Sept. 3.)

Concerning your condemnation
Of sales pressure on teenies,
My 2- and 5-year-old daughters
Just acquired new bikinis.

HARMON RASNOW

Woodland Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Although I found the article "Lolita and Lollipops" both interesting and informative, the statement contained therein that "SEVENTEEN's average reader is estimated to be fourteen years old" is contrary to fact. . . . Our most recent study, published in February of this year (a national, personal-interview, probability sample of 4,532 girls conducted by Eugene Gilbert) shows the average age of the SEVENTEEN reader to be 17.0 years. It also disclosed that 82 per cent of SEVENTEEN's average-issue readers are 15 through 19 years old.

It is unfortunate that Miss Merriam did not come to us for background data. She would have discovered that it is very much in order, rather than "out of order," for SEVENTEEN to carry advertisements for "wedding and engagement rings, furniture, fabrics, mascara, girdles and silverware." May I call these additional facts to your attention: 800,000 teen-age girls are now engaged and the median age for these engagements

is 17.1 years. Further, more women marry at the age of 18 than any other single year. . . .

An analysis of the average editorial content in the course of an average year (1959, for example) shows that SEVENTEEN is made up of: Less than 40 per cent fashion (incidentally, the prime interest of teen-age girls with the possible exception of their interest in boys); 17 per cent items of cultural and general interest; 11 per cent fiction; 7 per cent

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EDITORIALS

The Peace Issue . . .

In an editorial which appeared in these pages on February 6, we stated that peace was the paramount, the decisive issue in the 1960 election. Since then there has been much seething and churning in world and national affairs; nevertheless — with November in sight — peace remains the dominant, if undeveloped, issue. It is true, as we point out elsewhere in these columns, that there appears to be little basic difference between the candidates even on this question; but the public may sense a difference in the way in which the candidates talk about it. The difference, in a word, is one of priority, of emphasis, of relative stress. So far as the public is concerned, a candidate must stress either peace or an acceleration of the arms race; he can't very well give constant stress to the need for greater arms expenditures, a tougher line with the Soviet, and related items, and still stress peace as an issue.

This, we submit, is a simple proposition, but for all its simplicity it has apparently eluded the understanding of several astute politicians. The first victim of the fallacy that it is possible to advocate the strongest possible arms program and still be for peace was Senator Stuart Symington, who finally realized his error — but too late to correct it. The second victim was Governor Rockefeller, with his ill-fated shelter program and constant, heavy stress on increased defense expenditures. It may well turn out to be that Senator Kennedy is next in line. The Senator only confuses voters by stressing, as item number one in a six-point peace program, the need for increased arms expenditures. In Portland, in San Diego, in Texas, in New York, he has spoken first, longest and most emphatically about the need for increasing the arms budget. He has repeated, with growing emphasis, that only by keeping this country the strongest military power in the world can we hope for peace.

On the other hand, Vice President Nixon is stressing two interrelated themes: he insists that, relatively

speaking, we are already strong enough militarily — and then he goes on to emphasize the need for “peace without surrender.” Correspondents who accompanied him on his first post-convention swing around the country all note that he has aroused the greatest enthusiasm when he has talked about the need for peace. Many of these same correspondents have expressed a feeling of acute personal distress that the crowds saw fit to applaud the Vice President when he stressed the adequacy of present defense expenditures. But one can argue that this applause reflects not so much complacency as it does a general feeling that if \$44 billion a year cannot produce an adequate defense program, then something is wrong with our military planners.

There is no point in attempting to assess the relative “sincerity” of the candidates; in a sense, both have been forced into their positions on the issue of peace. President Eisenhower's stand on defense has left the Vice President little option but to follow it. Similarly, the cold-war interests which are so vocal in the Democratic Party (see Kenneth Rexroth's comments, page 172 of this issue) strongly support Senator Kennedy's stand. Sincerity aside, the appearance, if not the fact, is that Senator Kennedy is emerging as the “strong America” (greater arms appropriations) candidate, while Vice President Nixon, with cheerful self-assurance, is emerging as the candidate who gives greater relative stress to peace. Simple or not, the fact is that a candidate who places arms expenditures first and foremost in his presentations cannot complain if the public refuses to identify him with the issue of peace.

. . . And the Issue of Religion

The only issue that has been dramatized in the campaign is the one supposedly exploded by Senator Kennedy's victory over Senator Humphrey in West Virginia. Both of the Presidential candidates, both of the Vice-Presidential candidates, both national chairmen, and

the more respectable adherents of both parties, including President Eisenhower, agree that Senator Kennedy's religion is not a fit subject for discussion. Some of this deprecation is hypocritical, some of it is sincere, all of it is ineffectual. "Anti-Catholicism is going like a prairie fire," says Harry Golden, a Kennedy supporter. And not only among the rabble, but among "people you wouldn't suspect, leading doctors, judges, businessmen, ex-ambassadors. It's devastating — like '28 all over again." And not only in the South. *The Wall Street Journal* (September 12) has made a country-wide survey. In Iowa, Michigan, Ohio, Oregon — practically everywhere — Kennedy's Catholicism and the opposition to it is the one question that has caught the headlines and inspired discussion at the grass roots.

If this is surprising, it must be because all the psychologists have gone to work for the advertising agencies. Religion looms large as an issue because, so far, the key issues — peace at the top of the list — have not been emphasized. On most domestic issues, there is little difference in the positions of the candidates. On specific issues of foreign policy only slight differences may be noted. The practical political realities, such as questions of what is to be done about China, the terms on which a start might be made in achieving a *modus vivendi* with the Soviets, the next move in Berlin — all these are taboo. Presumably both candidates have ideas on these topics, but they keep them secret lest they lose votes. The rosy delusions with which the candidates and their respective parties have sought to bemuse the voters must on no account be disturbed.

But where there is a vacuum, something will fill it. Into the existing political vacuum, the most benighted and abominable elements in American life are rushing pell-mell, and since there is such a paucity of other live issues in active debate, it is as difficult to curb them as to bar teen-agers from thinking about sex. If Mr. Nixon really wants a "cut-off" date on the religious issue he can achieve it soon enough by simply joining issue with Senator Kennedy on a few specific, clear-cut proposals. And Senator Kennedy has precisely the same option.

'Nonsense, Just Nonsense'

Mr. Khrushchev won't say it, but he may think it. In the contest between the Soviet and Western blocs, any gratuitous idiocy on the part of one side is manna from heaven to the other. Restricting the Soviet Premier to Manhattan Island is, as Mrs. Roosevelt said, "nonsense, just nonsense." As a rebuke, it means nothing; Khrushchev did not get where he is with a thin skin. It tells him that he is unwelcome, but he knew that before he decided to come. He is not coming as a guest, welcome or otherwise, but for serious propaganda and diplomatic purposes. These he can accomplish perfectly

well on Manhattan Island. The State Department could confine him to the top of Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park; he would still be news and the newspapers and radio would broadcast any belch or hiccup of his all over the world. The pretense that he must be kept from crossing the rivers to protect him from infuriated Americans is even more absurd than the ban itself. The inhabitants of Nassau County, where the palatial residence of the Soviet U.N. delegation is located, are notably blasé about such matters. There would be no need to turn the fire hoses on them. On the other hand, the Hungarian emigré army, led by General Bela Fabian, has its strongest contingents in Manhattan, and if Khrushchev stays at the Soviet U.N. offices on Park Avenue, the New York City police will be scratched and bitten as in the past: they and their horses will be the chief victims of the State Department's feeble countermove. It has often seemed in the past eight years that American diplomacy has achieved the ultimate in absurdity, but apparently it can always get a little sillier.

At Last the Real Culprit

Finally we know who raised Fidel Castro and his cohorts to power and brought communism to the threshold of the Americas. The veil is rent by the testimony of Arthur Gardner and Earl E. T. Smith in "Communist Threat to the United States through the Caribbean: Hearings before the Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security Laws, August 27, 30, 1960." The Messrs. Gardner and Smith were both ambassadors to Cuba during the regime of General Fulgencio Batista — "I don't think we ever had a better friend," says Mr. Smith. For their revelations we are indebted to two Democratic statesmen, Senators Thomas J. Dodd and James O. Eastland.

Lest any reader labor under the delusion that repression, tyranny, mass poverty and hopelessness had much to do with the events in Cuba, it may be said immediately that the trail leads elsewhere. It leads across Times Square in the City of New York straight into the editorial sanctum of *The New York Times*. It is not a mere proofreader or reporter who betrayed the good cause, but Herbert L. Matthews who, it will be remembered, never said anything nice about Franco, and, not being brought to book, plotted against Batista in the series of articles which ran in the *Times* in 1957. Other plotters or dupes were in the State Department, and rather surprisingly included Loy Henderson, Robert Murphy, Roy Rubottom and William Wieland. But it was Matthews who started the debacle with his visit to Castro in Oriente Province, and the ensuing articles, which pictured Castro as a political Robin Hood instead of the "bandit" he was and the Com-

munist fellow-traveler he became. In a nutshell, as put by Senators Eastland and Dodd in the Internal Security Committee handout, "Cuba was handed to Castro and the Communists by a combination of Americans in the same way that China was handed to the Communists."

The former ambassadors, one of whom is the chairman of the board of a tube company, and the other (Smith) an investment banker, do indeed acknowledge that Batista made mistakes and that his government was corrupt. But his dictatorship was infinitely preferable, as they see it, to that of Castro, whom they smelled out early as a "radical" (Gardner) and a "Marxist" (Smith). Still more horrendous, Mr. Smith testified, "I was informed by a diplomat that he [Castro] had killed one nun and two priests in Bogota during the uprising in 1948." For Herbert Matthews, the guilty *Times* editor, this must have struck a nostalgic note, for it was as murderers of nuns and priests that the Spanish Loyalists were indicted when Franco began his successful insurrection nearly a quarter-century ago.

Suffer Little Children

How do you characterize a man who would starve some 23,000 small children in order to "get even" with the United States Supreme Court? A number of colorful epithets come to mind, but the old-fashioned one, "mean," seems to fit the case most handsomely. Jimmie H. Davis, the ballad-singing Governor of Louisiana, must be the meanest man in high public office in this country today.

The avowedly retaliatory package bill which Governor Davis pushed through the Louisiana Legislature last May was designed to evade the public-school integration that the Supreme Court has made mandatory and at the same time to show the Negroes just how tough their white fellow citizens could get if they persisted in demanding observance of the school law. The sections of the bill dealing with segregation have been ruled unconstitutional, but the measure inserted as a lash for black backs is still in force.

It provides that relief funds (mostly federal money, but distributed by the state) shall be withheld from any woman who has an illegitimate child after she is registered on the welfare rolls. As of today, that affects some 6,000 women, 95 per cent of whom are Negro, the mothers of some 23,000 children. The private agencies have been completely overwhelmed by this disaster, the children are being sent out to hunt the garbage heaps and the mothers are turning to prostitution.

The law, however, is particularly neat in that it shows the Negro community how easily it can be reduced to desperation and at the same time threatens white integrationists with the moral laxity that would enter the schools on the heels of desegregation. It says nothing

of the conditions that produce so high an incidence of illegitimacy in one group, but Governor Davis, a well-known raconteur, could no doubt provide anthropological folklore to explain the prevalence of unmarried Negro mothers.

Meanwhile, fifteen women on the City Council of Newcastle-on-Tyne have opened a campaign to bring the hungry children to England, and money is being raised by public appeal throughout England to help the Louisiana private agencies with their grotesque burden. The story is being carried widely in the British press (we do not know when *Pravda* will pick it up). It makes a nice change of reading for Englishmen, who have been filled with a sense of helpless guilt by accounts of horrors committed in the color-mad Union of South Africa.

Titan II

Everyone says that business is going to be bad, but for the Martin Company, generous dispenser of top-quality entertainment to the top brass, prosperity lies ahead. *Missiles and Rockets* (September 5, 1960) reveals in the lead article by James Baer, "SAC Getting ICBM 'Crusher'," that Martin's second-generation Titan is scheduled to be launched from Cape Canaveral in late 1961, and that the first of eight Titan II squadrons is to be operational by early 1963. The total production run of Titan I and Titan II now planned is about 230, exclusive of Titan production for space work, and the cost will be close to \$5 billion. Both Martin and the Air Force seem greatly elated, and with reason, for Titan II will carry a ten-megaton warhead and, assuming a circular error of 1.5 miles, only two of these lovely missiles will be required for a 90 per cent probability of destroying a Soviet missile base hardened to withstand over-pressures of 100 pounds to the square inch. Detonated on the surface, such a warhead will dig a crater 250 feet deep and a half-mile across, and produce a fireball more than two miles wide.

Now, what will Khrushchev do, as the Air Force prepares this 2,300-megaton billet-doux for him? There is no question of "deterrence" here; the word has quite gone out of fashion in the upper echelons. If the Russians launched first, there would be no point in plastering their empty bases with 2,300 megatons. This is "first strike" materiel — it is Khrushchev, now, who must look for something to deter the USAF, if such a feat is conceivable. He may up his own megaton wattage by 2,300 tons, or 4,600. And if he has not been thinking in terms of a first strike, he certainly will from now on. It may also occur to a good many hitherto loyal Khrushchevites in the Soviet Union that perhaps the Chinese Red experts on the inevitability of nuclear attack by the "capitalist imperialists" may be realists, while Comrade Khrushchev is a dreamer.

I'LL SIT THIS ONE OUT . . by Kenneth Rexroth

A YEAR AGO, like everybody else with any sense, I would have said that Democrats could beat Richard Nixon with anybody, and that the worst potential Democratic candidate could defeat the best the Republicans could possibly muster. Now, like everybody else with any sense, I am not so sure. I should make clear that I am not disappointed or disillusioned. I am non-political, even anti-political, and the American two-party system is all one to me.

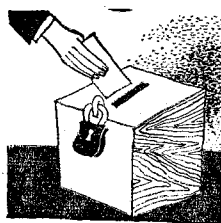
This does not mean that I am not interested — on the contrary, I am usually fascinated — but my fascination is literary and scientific, hardly personal. This year, responding to a call from *The Nation* to write a political analysis, I am hard put. I am not alone in this predicament. The most partisan of my journalistic colleagues seem hard put. Mr. Luce and Mr. Hearst have assumed postures of something close to benevolent neutrality. Even Mr. Pulitzer does not seem unduly disturbed at the prospect of the Other Side winning.

MY worthy and mordant colleague, Mr. Alsop, writing a special article for the French weekly, *L'Express*, leads off with the remark that this is the third most important Presidential election in the twentieth century, comparable only to those that put the two Roosevelts into office. The reasons, or rather reason, he gives for this judgment is excellent. I certainly agree with him, and I will return to that in a minute. But the significant thing is that in a long, detailed, careful analysis, he finds himself quite unable to make any significant distinction between the two candidates. The election is of vital importance, but it doesn't matter very much one way or another who gets elected. This is a strange and new state of affairs. Oh, I know the old radical attitude that all politicians who stand a chance of getting elected in America are rascals and tools of the Bosses. Granted, this has often been true,

KENNETH REXROTH is a frequent *NATION* contributor.

but the contenders have represented different schools of rascality and different groups of "Bosses." A blanket dismissal of this sort is sentimental and beside the point. If you are going to talk about an American Presidential election at all, you should pay attention to the actual forces operating and not project into the Electoral College the politics of the Jacobin Club, Smolney Institute, or the Fabian Society.

MR. KENNEDY and Mr. Nixon are both, judged by the values of our society, exemplary young men. They are very far from being rascals. Not a drop of mud from, to use *Time's* phrase, the Bad Old World of corrupt politics of the sort described by Lincoln Steffens has ever touched them. Critics of Mr. Nixon may not like the way he was launched on his career, but there is a difference between a committee of conservative, even reactionary, business-



men and a smoke-filled back room of brothel keepers, numbers operators and ward heelers. Except in cultural backwaters like Manhattan and Georgia, "the shame of the cities" is no longer a determinative factor in a political career on the national scene.

Do Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Nixon represent contending power blocs of American capitalists? Which ones? Yet even the two Roosevelts came into office as spokesmen for the older, conservative wealth of the established fortunes — civilized club men who could afford to be liberal. The Populists and Bryan, the elder LaFollette, even Henry Wallace, all represented distinguishable forces, economic groups contending within American society. They were the end products of selective procedures

designed to manifest *representatives*, individuals who embodied the delegated authority of their constituents.

Democratic procedures still exist, but in fact they have become rituals. Not "empty rituals," for they are full of symbolic meaning; but they are no longer political actions, they are public manifestations of actions that have taken place elsewhere — pageants and plebiscites. The Electoral College does not "really" elect the President, we all know that, but it is most important today to realize that the party conventions did not "really" nominate Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Nixon either. Both are the results of quite different methods by which public personalities are produced in America. Produced by a production, they are products — like David Sarnoff or Miss Sophia Loren. A product shades off imperceptibly into a commodity. Public Personalities are very close to being self-conscious commodities, like a rational Corvette, or a Revlon lipstick with free will.

Is there anything seriously wrong with this? I don't know. I am not at all prepared to say that Madison Avenue is less to be trusted than a nation-wide, old-style town meeting electorate. I am inclined to think that the populace is more easily inflamed to deeds of folly than a committee of market analysts, pollsters and advertising executives. The point is that it behooves us to recognize what our procedures of governing ourselves have become if we intend to do anything about them.

THE Liberal-Radical Establishment, that well-known bastion of orthodoxy, has been accused often enough of thinking of social change in terms of the barricades of 1848, Thaddeus Stevens assaulted in the Senate, or Debs leading the Pullman strike. Lives, blood, sweat and tears, or even just valuable time, have been wasted by thousands of "the best minds of my generation" trying to force upon the public return engagements of symbolic dramas that have ceased to be relevant. Where are the sources and channels of power

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today in American society? What are the effective mechanisms of social change?

We all know that the Russians have a symbolic constitution and a ritual parliament. The country is run by administrative bureaus which are staffed by an elite corps of specialists and technicians. Clandestine power blocs, known as *apparats*, whose existence is not admitted except in deepest privacy, struggle for position and policy. After the hidden conflicts have been resolved, political appointees and sometimes even policies are submitted to the vote of the people in a plebiscite—one slate of candidates and only a “yes” vote. What do we have in America? Well, we have two parties and nobody gets killed or exiled to North Dakota.

LONG, LONG ago I came back from an all-night party in Georgetown on the Staten Island Ferry, and got off and started to walk up through the deserted city to Greenwich Village. I was with Mike Gold and Joe Freeman and three hilarious girls. “Look at that!” said I, as the dawn penetrated into Wall Street, “How do you propose to take all that over and run it, any time in the foreseeable future? Why, you couldn’t even run the janitor service in one building.” “Nothing to it,” said Mike, “we’ll just elect Workers’ Committees in each office.” (It was a very long time ago.) The girls were all for dynamiting the whole lower end of the island and turning it into a Park of Culture and Rest. Joe said nothing, but winked a heavy-lidded eye.

How many programs of social change, including “Land, Bread and Peace” and “All Power to the Soviets” of 1918, have any relation to reality? How many documents, including the American Constitution, describe actually operating social mechanisms? My own caste of writers suffers from the hallucination of programs and the delusion of documents, an often fatal belief in words. After all, why shouldn’t they? They make them up, and it’s a poor workman who despises his own work.

Real programs are effective in another way, and operate in a vastly different world. What are the pro-

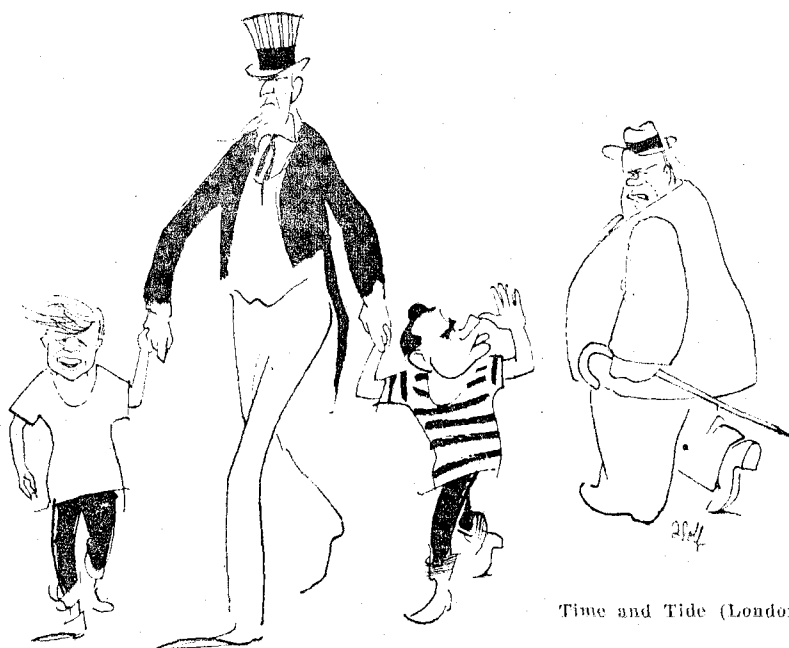
grams and organizational forms that can be effective in Oak Ridge, Tudor Village, the RAND Corporation, Puerto Rican Harlem, Exurbia, the United Auto Workers? More people work in the Pentagon than inhabit some sovereign nations. This is a nexus of power. How does it operate? Through public channels sanctioned by public documents? For years, the United States has been in the grip of an apparently incurable agricultural crisis of exactly the opposite kind from that afflicting most of the rest of the world, including the Soviet Union. We seem to be able to take it in stride, in fact we grow fat on it. But what is it? What are the deadlocked power blocs here, actually?

The essence of Democratic Centralism is that the masses are permitted to approve accomplished fact. How much of our political life today, due not to malice of the Bosses, but as a necessary consequence of the economic and social structure, has moved over into the realm occupied by the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the intervention in Korea and Guatemala, or Mr. Powers’ airplane ride? Somebody sanctions these acts, they don’t happen by themselves, but how is the power focused that sanctions them in the first place?

What we need is a new theory of the State. When Mr. Khrushchev finished his exposé of Stalin’s terror,

it is not true that he could not answer the question, “What were you and your colleagues doing all this time?” He answered it. He said, “We were afraid.” But there is one question he could not even begin to answer: where did the power come from? Having roused every organized body in the society except his own personal secretariat against him, how did Stalin get away with it? If you decapitate all the power blocs, all the *apparats*, where does your power come from? We have an exact mirror image of this dilemma here at home. For eight years this country has been to all practical intents and purposes without a Chief Executive and without a “national policy,” internally or externally. Brinks or no, it kept out of war and internally it has never been better off. It ran itself, but how?

MR. ALSOP is correct in being able to find no crucial difference between the two Presidential candidates, but he is also right in believing this election to be of decisive importance, and right in comparing it to the elections of the two Roosevelts. Each of those elections marked a profound qualitative change in the structure of our society, and each successive change was more profound, more thoroughgoing, than the preceding one. Mr. Alsop says that the most significant factor this time is the heavy weight of the



Time and Tide (London)

Soviet Union thrown into the balance of international affairs. But the emergence of the Soviet Union as the second, and in some instances the first, World Power, politically and economically, is not an autonomous development, like the rise of Parthia or Han China over against Rome; it is a far more closely interlinked development in one economic world than the rise of Germany under Bismarck over against England and France. Imagine yourself an intelligent crustacean from Mars to whom political boundaries and the words of the Declaration of Independence and the Communist Manifesto are purely epiphenomenal. Or, for that matter, just imagine yourself a defeated but intelligent Republican Presidential candidate of a few years back. It is obvious that the social and economic processes which are coming to fruition in Russia, Germany, England or the United States are essentially the same processes—they are simply man's way of living in an industrial civilization on the earth in the second half of the twentieth century. Over against this society is the rest, the majority, of the world, unable to advance by its own efforts, and doomed to demoralization, disintegration and chaos unless, acting in coordination and cooperation, the developed nations come to the rescue. "Peaceful competition" is not enough. The Bomb is not the most serious danger; if it goes off we'll all be dead and care nothing about it. What is important is the achievement of a true economy of abundance so firmly based that it can afford to underwrite the collective security of all the dozens of Castros and Lumumbas and Nassers who will come clamoring onto the stage waving lethal weapons, every year for years to come.

OUR SOCIETY is passing through a critical point. As Engels used to say, quantity is changing into quality, as water changes into steam. (I was always a little suspicious of the accuracy of that illustration, but no matter.) These changes will take place in an industrial civilization regardless. At the best, the politicians can only come along behind

and coordinate the administration. Again, as Marx used to say, "Not the rule of men but the administration of things." Does that mean that what Marx called "The Revolution" has taken place? It certainly does, and a couple of revolutions past that one.

Mr. Alsop is right; a heavy weight is being thrown into the scales, but its *Russianness* is purely emotional and symbolic—the symbol of Sputnik and the circuit of the moon. What hangs over this Presidential election as the heaviest of threats and the brightest of promises is the onrushing technological revolution—the third or fourth great qualitative change in the development of industrial civilization.

Historical materialism is out of date, but you could discard the human factor altogether and make out a good case for the theory that the major wars of our time have been explosions of frustrated technology. Just as Bolshevism emerged as the only form of social organization sufficiently ruthless to drive the reluctant peasant populations of two great underdeveloped nations along the road of what Marx called "primitive capital accumulation," so it would seem that only war has been able to create the discipline and organization necessary to move industrial civilization through the successive phases of its development. Today we know how to banish labor, in any ordinary sense of the term, from the industrial process altogether. The only thing necessary to lift "complete automation" from the drawing boards is that currently fashionable journalistic cliché, "national purpose." War is no longer available as the organizer of national purpose, and so a kind of historical frustration spreads through society, a technological crisis that is reflected in economic frustration and political demoralization.

THIS ALL may sound abstract and irrelevant in a discussion of the real politics of a Presidential election. That it is very far indeed from being so is shown by the fact that it is recognized, half-consciously, even by the rhetoricians of campaign oratory, the carpenters of the

party platforms. And it is this historical crisis that is concealed, not just in the two platform planks on national development and national purpose, but in most of the other major issues confronting contemporary society.

Above all others, the crucial issue is of course peace. As everyone but Chairman Mao knows, the only alternative to peace is non-existence. On this question, neither party platform and neither candidate has anything to offer except policies that lead straight to extermination. Getting tough has failed dismally, so get tougher. The balance of peacefulness probably lies with Mr. Nixon. It is always presumed that he represents the major forces, the biggest money, in the society—presumably heavy industry, finance, the major extractive industries and the large-scale fabricating industries. I think the notion that an American President "represents" such a compact oligarchy, at least in this day and age, is naive—but assuming that he does so, these are certainly not the powers that want war, or need war industry. The day of the Merchants of Death, the steel barons and captains of heavy industry plotting war and selling armaments, is done.

MODERN weapons are not produced in such a way; they are produced by relatively small, light industrial fabricating plants. A guided missile, an ICBM, an artificial satellite: these are different things from cannon and battleships. Bombers are now obsolete, but just before they became so, the electronic equipment in a big one cost more than the largest bombers had cost in the Second World War—a mess of glass, wires, plastic and cardboard put together by machines tended by girls.

The grandsons of the robber barons in Pittsburgh don't want or need war or war preparation. They have a permanent committee of specialists keeping up the plans for conversion to a peacetime economy. The trade unionists in the war plants are another matter. They and their bosses (both "their" capitalists, really petty figures as capitalists go, and their union leaders) support Mr. Kennedy. Four years ago, eight years ago, Mr.

Walter Reuther bowed before the Dixiecrats. "The time was not ripe." This year was to be the year of Walter the Kingmaker. I've often thought he seriously believed he had a chance of being King himself someday. Nothing was sadder than the rout of the Reutherites at this convention. Here was an army that threw away its center before the battle and was cut to pieces on its remaining flanks by the wily descendants of De Forrest and Stonewall Jackson.

On internal economic policies there is little to choose. The Democrats, following Mr. Galbraith, are committed to a Keynesian economy of what their opponents call "deficit financing," the Republicans to hard money and a balanced budget. This sounds as if expert advisers had given their respective leaders very deep and learned advice. As a matter of fact, this too is only what Wendell Willkie long ago called "campaign oratory." The economy for most of the twentieth century has been inflated at approximately the rate of amortization, in other words the cost of living goes up at about the interest rate on "safe" bonds. More rapid inflation leads to economic disorder and eventual breakdown. A slower rate of inflation leads to almost immediate stagnation. Contrary to the apothegms of the elder Rockefeller, our society functions by never paying its debts. This state of affairs is not going to be changed by anybody in the White House, short of an arrant rascal and adventurer. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Kennedy are far from such—they are both pure "organization men."

The agricultural program of both parties is pure magic. It is impossible to find a solution to this crisis in reverse within the present world context. Everybody knows what we should do with our surplus food—feed the hungry. This can only be done in a world of peace and international cooperation.

WHERE THE details of a settlement of the cold war (and don't forget, cold war means hot war in the immediate future) are mentioned by either candidate or in either platform — for instance, the accep-

tance of the existence of China as a sovereign nation—there is nothing to choose. Both sides are committed to policies that have been proven to fail. Childish defiance of the realities of world politics is not going to change reality.

On the question of responsibility to the "underdeveloped nations," everybody is running scared. Mr. Castro and Mr. Lumumba are, in my opinion, a pair of hysteriacs, but they have frightened the wits out of American politicians, a commendable achievement. Waiting in line behind Cuba and the Congo stand Laos, Iran, Taiwan, Spain, half of Latin America. If there is chaos in the Congo, what is going to happen when



Angola and Mozambique blow up? Portugal itself is an "underdeveloped country" and an uneasy, foreign-supported dictatorship, both at once. Neither party, nor any of their specialists, has come up with a plan for systematic, coordinated world development of the starving, overpopulated, under-capitalized majority of nations. Of course they cannot, because implicit in any of their solutions is the politics of the cold war, which can only lead to demoralization. The only programs which can work are those which take place in an atmosphere of genuine world peace and which involve the active cooperation of all the developed industrial nations.

Second only to the achievement of a peacetime economy and the resultant new level of rationalization of industry in the United States is, of course, the final demand of the American Negro for total racial equality. This is really only the "human relations" aspect of the former problem. As one of the present generation of steel barons said to me re-

cently in Pittsburgh, "We found out long ago that you can't make steel with a guilty conscience." On this question the choice is obvious. It is my personal belief that a Negro who would vote for a Texas Democrat needs his head examined. But, ignoring the Vice Presidency, what is the record of Mr. Kennedy? I am afraid it can be characterized as pussyfooting in the South and demagoguery in the North. Mr. Nixon, doubtless advised by the smartest publicity men in the business, heads straight off for the South and defends the sit-ins to cheering crowds of white people.

I DO NOT believe that the religious issue is of importance in a personal judgment of either candidate. Mr. Nixon is a Quaker. Mr. Kennedy is a Roman Catholic. Both sects have very pronounced ideas on the relations of Church and State. A devout Quaker or a devout Catholic in the Presidency might well revolutionize America. Both candidates have assured us time and again that the principles of their religion are not as important to them as political expediency. I believe them. If Mr. Kennedy is elected, I doubt if birth control or the Index of Forbidden Books will ever become national issues. But it should not be forgotten that behind Mr. Kennedy are ranked groups which are only incidentally Roman Catholic: the Irish, Polish, Hungarian and other populations of the big cities who are, to put it mildly, hardly the most devoted workers for peace and disarmament.

Furthermore, in what the European radical press generally calls "Vatican Europe"—West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Portugal—the existing regimes will be facing serious challenge in the days to come. Since this group of closely coordinated regimes came into existence with the active encouragement of three governments in America run by Protestants and men of no religion, it might well be that an American Catholic President would usher in a secular, "laïque," even Social Democratic Europe. Who knows? Still, it bears thinking about.

If Mr. Kennedy were as good a

Catholic as, not Dorothy Day, but Anne Freemantle, or even Bishop Sheen, or if one of the Cadburys were running on the Republican ticket, I think it might be worth taking a chance and voting for, not against, "religion in politics." As it is, I don't see that their ambiguous religious professions are greatly to the credit of either candidate.

If ever there was an election that called for a vital liberal third party,

this is it. As it is, there are only tiny sectarian groups. There is a movement for a national write-in campaign for Linus Pauling or Martin Luther King, Jr., or both. This has much to commend it, but my suggestion is, if you must vote, go to the polls and write in your own name. You're the one that is going to get it in the neck, win or lose.

A final word: don't assume that because Mr. Bowles and Mr. Steven-

son are "our kind of people," intellectuals who read the liberal weeklies, they are any different from anybody else. Mr. Stevenson is NOT going to Moscow, put his feet up on the table, show the hole in his shoe, quote the "Duino Elegies" to Mr. Khrushchev, and make peace break out. Literacy is a dubious virtue in politics. M. Malraux and M. Soustelle are very highly literate men.

IRAN'S FALSE FRONT... by Stanley Cooperman

Teheran
LATE LAST month the Shah of Iran, reacting to widespread complaints, invalidated as "rigged" a recent parliamentary election in that country and has called for a new ballot. The development would appear to offer a bona fide of the "New Iran's" new democracy—except that the Iranian parliament, or Majlis, like most of the country's political and economic structure, is so much window dressing. It exists to maintain the illusion of constitutional democracy; the real power in the country resides in the Army — or, rather, in those detachments concentrated around Teheran, with guns trained on the city itself. The Army is loyal to the Shah, but the Shah in turn is dependent on the Army — a fact which explains why the Monarch, while deeply anxious to improve the economic and social lot of his people, is often ineffectual.

Despite its new look and new equipment, the Army is largely a business proposition. The standing joke around this city is that there are twelve officers for every ten enlisted men. The officers, who are everywhere in an amazing variety of resplendent uniforms, seem mainly occupied in saluting each other, collecting their salaries and — of course — exchanging contracts. Enlisted men, on the other hand (who

until recently were actually conscripted off the streets) dress and often look like servants. Only the select outfits — meaning the Palace divisions — are fighting men.

Last spring's border "incidents" between Iran and Iraq, precisely because of the Palace-guard nature of both armies, were rhetorical tempests only. Neither Kassem nor the Shah could afford to risk his real fighting units in actual combat. For this reason Teheran, unlike the various world news agencies, remained totally unconcerned with the Iraqi "crisis." As several Persians have reminded this writer, their Western-trained and efficient Army units have never left the city since the Shah regained power. They are not likely to do so.

ECONOMICALLY, too, much of Iran's progress is little more than window dressing. In a recent interview with the Shah, for example, columnist Drew Pearson was impressed with the fact that Persian per capita income has increased from \$40 to \$140 per year. This figure is deceptive for two reasons: first, a severe general inflation; second, the enormous contrast between governmental efforts on behalf of rural and of urban populations.

The progressive land-reform program in Iran has received and deserved much attention. Land reform, however, is by no means the whole economic story. Reform itself, after all, was hardly the innovation of

the Shahanshah; his attempts to secure a loyal and independent peasantry must be viewed as a continuation rather than the creation of a program. Equally important is the fact that in urban areas — especially in Teheran itself — no comparable program exists; Westernization, with its accompanying inflation (Bank Melli figures report a 22 per cent cost-of-living increase on basic items during 1959 alone) has served to accentuate rather than eliminate extremes of wealth and poverty.

In appearance, again, Teheran seems almost a boom town. Construction is proceeding at an enormous rate, and there is hardly a block, especially in the northern or "European" sections, that is without its new apartment building. These new buildings, however, are inhabited almost exclusively by Europeans, especially Americans; the rents are extremely high by any standard, and astronomical for an economy in which an experienced engineer earns \$200 a month, or just about the cost of a decent apartment.

Investment in real estate, often supported by American aid-dollars, is going into luxury housing for foreign advisers. Persians themselves, on the other hand, find housing more difficult and more expensive — and the irony is the fact that both the difficulty and the expense have increased because of American aid. The Persian Government, in an all-too-typical "showcase" program, has developed a method of loans and

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tax-incentives which actually encourages landlords to build expensive structures without renting them. As a result, construction in Teheran goes on furiously while the city is filled with empty buildings.

The entire attention of the Iranian Government seems to be on the process rather than on the result of expenditure. American aid-funds are welcomed by contractors and administrators, who then set impossible rentals and wait for Western tenants. It is, most certainly, a typical Alice-in-Wonderland situation: American dollars are being spent on structures only Americans can afford to rent. One Persian, an office supervisor, explained it this way: "I hate the sound of foreign aid. Before American dollars started coming here, I had one job and a decent apartment. Now I have three jobs and still had to leave my apartment because the landlord wanted to rent to an American. Who is being 'improved,' anyway?"

AMONG Persians themselves, multiple jobs are a unique feature of economic life. Men and women, especially those with education who wish to maintain European standards, work sixty hours per week. Without "family," advancement is limited to "a certain point" — and that point is likely to be the ability to buy European plumbing.

There is outspoken bitterness among young professional men, no less than among young women with "good" jobs paying so little that three jobs must be held at once. And the bitterness, although without political outlet, has caused one interesting development: a middle class loyal only to the idea of getting out of the country. Emigration, indeed, rather than politics or economics or literature, is often the chief topic of conversation. The middle class is largely disenfranchised from responsible political life; cultural concerns are irrelevant when individuals must work sixty hours per week for combination salaries; and economics is a subject for cynical wit rather than serious attention.

There is, of course, far more talk than action as far as emigration is concerned. Most young people sim-

ply do not have the professional or linguistic skill necessary for relocation. Among those who do have such skills, however, emigration is a very real driving force. And this is another paradox of the "New Iran."

As the Persian Government continues to educate and Westernize the middle class, without providing commensurate social or political opportunities, that group which should be the most dynamic element of the nation either sinks into apathy or leaves the country altogether.

This apathy has had one interesting development: the growth of a Persian "beatnik" group composed of young people almost completely alienated from the political and economic life of the nation. These "beatniks," however, are in no way literary. For one thing, no literature of protest is likely to exist in a nation where every press is either owned or operated by government officialdom. Artistic young people read the classics and play with Persian mosaics; contemporary work is limited almost exclusively to love poetry or popular songs.

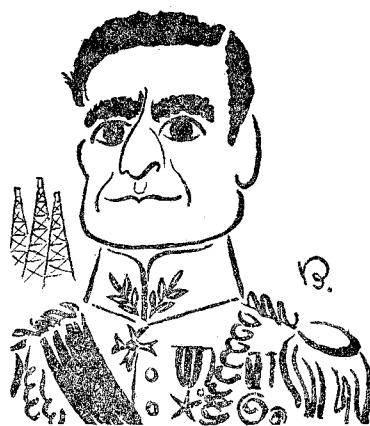
The Persian "beatniks" themselves, at any rate, haunt the few night clubs of Teheran, listen to imitative jazz, drive cars furiously and aimlessly to suburban clubs (when they can get "rich Americans" to subsidize the evening), dance the cha-cha and exchange bed partners out of frank boredom. The girls wear high-piled "Roman" hairdos and heavy make-up; their eyes are carefully painted into the "black almond" look; their dresses, worn far above the knees, give them the

appearance of overdressed flappers. The men either cultivate a pseudo-Italianate dandyism, or re-enact the James Dean role, complete with leather (usually imitation) jackets.

THIS APATHY, however, may not be quite so permanent as either Palace officials or American advisers seem to believe. Several men in the American Embassy here, for example, admit that the middle class has become increasingly disaffected under the Shah's regime. They add, however, that these "dreamy individualists" could never take matters into their own hands. But the fact remains that these same "dreamy individualists" fought pitched battles with the Shah's troops when the Mossadegh Government was overthrown.

In retrospect, it becomes increasingly obvious that the Mossadegh Government was by no means simply a "Communist tool." Many young professional men, now in their early thirties, who by no stretch of the imagination could be called Communist, speak wistfully of the political excitement, the sense of real social and economic change, the feeling of work-to-be-done during the Mossadegh episode. Their tone is remarkably like that of the young men — now no longer very young — who took part in the American New Deal.

The prevalent cynicism may also be due to the fact that, under the façade of Westernization, the old aristocratic elements are back at the same stand. The Army, government, education, construction, communication, industry: family connections and *bakshish* are equally important to all of them. A telephone, for example, must be "bought" from the right quarters: the going price in Teheran is now 4,000 toman or \$475 — about seven months' wages for a taxi-driver or a school teacher. Not even higher education is exempt from this pattern, despite the fact that great efforts are being made to educate young Persians at foreign universities. When these young men and women return to Iran, the door is closed — and closed violently — unless they have "family" in addition to their degree. One young man,



Shah of Iran

September 24, 1960

for example, who earned a Ph.D. with honors in the United States, applied for a teaching job at Teheran University, and passed his examination impressively. The result: he is now working in a bank, while the wife of the bank chairman (who himself has several government jobs) is comfortably ensconced on the faculty.

Lower income groups, no less than the middle class, are chafing under the Westernization that has brought a façade of European standards to Teheran. A taxi-driver, for example, may drive a Mercedes-Benz sedan, but his monthly income remains \$60 to \$70 per month. Shops are

filled with European or American products that are bought, for the most part, by Europeans or Americans. Throughout the city new wealth can be seen but not touched by vast numbers of the population; and increased education itself creates expectations which the government does little to fulfill.

The Shahanshah deserves credit for his land reform and his efforts to increase the per capita income of Iran. But until the Persian Government realizes that a politically disenfranchised middle class is potentially dangerous; and until the Shah himself realizes that Westernization, as it is now proceeding in Iran, has

increased rather than decreased social and economic pressure, the Imperial Army must continue to train its guns upon the capital city. There is, certainly, no impending "revolution"; political apathy, for the time being, is no less marked than the cynicism voiced privately by so many Persians in all walks of life. But political apathy is a poor foundation for any government, especially in the Middle East. Given the emergence of a powerful personality at the right moment, or a shift in world power alignments, and the "dreamy individualism" of Persia may explode once again, with serious consequences.

THE CALIFORNIA FARM WORKER:

STILL IN DUBIOUS BATTLE . . . *by Dick Meister*

Stockton, Calif.

ALTHOUGH STILL a long way from its ultimate goal, the AFL-CIO has won the first round in one of the most rugged fights ever taken on by organized labor: unionizing the exploited and almost forgotten farm worker. For decades, the history of farm-labor organizing has been one of isolated unions struggling vainly to pierce the defenses of the unified, solidly entrenched farm interest. Now, however, the whole labor movement is behind the organizing drive, and California growers are facing what they melodramatically term "a crisis."

In terms of immediate, concrete achievement, the results of the drive so far have been modest: some 5,000 members unionized by the federation's Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee and the upping of wages (by a series of strikes or threatened strikes) in several harvests from as low as 70 cents to the AWOC's current minimum of around \$1.25 an hour (or its equivalent in piece rates).

More important in the total pic-

ture is a reversal of the situation which for so many years enabled California's growers to rule their workers with an iron hand. The farm-labor organizers are no longer fighting alone, and government is no longer acting as agent for the farm employer.

The AFL-CIO's formal decision to back the organizing drive as a pilot project for a national farm union was made at its executive council meeting in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in February, 1959. The idea had been discussed many times before, and on occasion individual unions had sought to implement it. But the nation's union leadership had never been convinced that the labor movement could handle a job of such magnitude, let alone the special problems presented by the agricultural industry.

At San Juan, however, union leaders decided at long last to get moving on what some of them had long called "America's unfinished business." Clearly, the genuine idealism of some AFL-CIO leaders had much to do with the decision, as did years of agitation by isolated farm-union groups, citizens' committees, religious organizations and others.

It is also clear that as the nation's general affluence has grown, the poverty of the farm worker has come to stand out in bold relief. And the increase in strength of the liberal vote throughout the country has made it possible for many labor leaders to abandon the traditional practice of trying to extract favors for urban workers from rural-controlled legislatures by promising to ignore agriculture. Labor itself is beginning to realize that the distinction between the urban and rural worker is meaningless in this day of industrialized agriculture, and the farm drive is undoubtedly a part of the labor movement's general campaign to maintain its position as the number of non-union white-collar workers continues to grow at the expense of unionized production workers.

IF THE AFL-CIO ever was to take a stand for agricultural labor, it would have had to be in California. Here is found the country's greatest concentration of agricultural wealth, mechanization and farm workers. This state, too, is the home of the corporation farm, controlled by anti-union financial interests with a

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stranglehold on the state's \$3 billion farm economy.

If California is the place, the election in 1958 of a liberal state administration and legislature for only the second time in sixty-four years provided the ideal opportunity. Indeed, the administration instituted by Democratic Governor Edmund G. Brown has been, perhaps, the most important factor in the progress made by the unionizing campaign up to this point.

In earlier campaigns, growers could always depend on the state to help supply them with strikebreakers—Mexican nationals, or *braceros*, who were numerous, cheap, docile, isolated from the rest of the labor market, and coming and going on demand. Whenever domestic



workers balked at working conditions, the grower complained that he couldn't get domestic labor ("Americans won't do 'stoop' labor," was a standard explanation) and so faced a "crisis" endangering his vital harvest. State and federal agencies obligingly allowed him to send to Mexico for as many *braceros* as he wanted.

In the absence of orderly legal procedures in the industry, the only weapon available to organizers was the strike; and, with this sort of strikebreaking available, the growers for decades were in a position to block all unionizing efforts. When they tried it again this year, however, they found the state administration no longer in a mood to serve as their employment department. Brown's Director of Employment, backed by decisions of a new Brown majority on the State Supreme Court, ruled that farms being picketed were involved in labor disputes, and cited laws which, he said, prohibited him from certifying to the federal government that *braceros* should be sent to such farms.

Growers turned to Secretary of Labor James Mitchell, but the Secretary upheld the interpretation, which in the meantime is being challenged in a legal battle that may end up in the U.S. Supreme Court. Some growers have received temporary relief from state courts, but the rulings are not decisive.

As important to the union cause as the *bracero* rulings has been the shift in government's general attitude toward labor, particularly in this state. The violence with which California officialdom once treated the farm worker is no longer possible in a state where organized labor controls so many votes.

The powerful growers have been attempting to hold off the organizing drive by seeking to amass their own army of domestic strikebreakers, granting a few minor concessions, speeding up mechanization and shouting "labor shortage" and "danger to perishable crops" at the start of every harvest. In addition, they are echoing old anti-union arguments long since abandoned by urban industries, adding their own special pleading that agriculture has been exempt from laws governing other labor because it is somehow a unique occupation.

BUT denied the help of government, at least temporarily, the growers have lost a series of field battles to the AWOC, led by three veteran C.I.O. organizers—Norman Smith, who played a leading role in the Auto Workers campaigns of the thirties; Lou Krainock, once educational director of the Packinghouse Workers; and Franz Daniel, an AFL-CIO Assistant Director of Organization. The victories, however, must not be overestimated. Generally, they have been won over the weaker and more cooperative small farmers. The truth is that many of the state's non-migratory farm workers—so essential to union stability—have not joined the AWOC. By and large, these are the highly skilled workers who, during the height of the harvest season at least, can earn far above the committee minimum. They are not yet convinced that the AWOC can provide them the security to make their membership

worth-while. (Unlike previous drives, high dues are not now a factor; thanks to subsidization by the parent AFL-CIO, the AWOC charges only \$2 a month.)

To gain support of the more numerous migratory workers, however, the AWOC has had to stress wage gains and improvements of the most fundamental sort—striking to secure fresh drinking water on the job and two ten-minute breaks a day in orchards where the temperature commonly soars above 100 degrees, for example. This procedure has brought the committee a following, but has not given it the stability and strength it must have to become an actual union, with the right to represent workers on the job and to bargain collectively.

SO FAR, bargaining has been on an individual grower basis, and there have been no contracts. When a grower agrees to AWOC demands, the AWOC's job is done, at least until the next harvest season, when it may very well have to set up its picket lines again.

By way of union organization, all the committee has done is to create a climate in which collective bargaining may someday be established. This, indeed, is the immediate goal of the AWOC. Where growers refuse particular demands, but agree to bargain, no strike is called. Almost as high on the AWOC's priority list is the training of organizers from the fields, the education of workers in political action and in their basic rights, and the establishment of locals throughout the state.

The diffuse nature of agriculture is what makes the task of organizing it so difficult, especially with workers drifting from region to region and from employer to employer. It's not simply a matter of walking into a factory, organizing workers, calling for an election under the National Labor Relations Act to establish the fact of organization, and then sitting down to negotiate a contract. There just aren't enough organizers to cover the 250,000 to 500,000 farm workers scattered throughout California, and there are no walled factories where workers are massed in a situation ready-made for collective

action. AWOC organizers, in fact, have been arrested for trespassing in fields. And it should be noted that agriculture is not covered by the NLRA.

The AWOC has tried to make do with the recent court rulings allowing it to picket farms that have not recognized it. Some union officials contend this is enough, that NLRA coverage will not be necessary, or that in any case NLRA election procedures are too time-consuming in a state where three-day harvests are not unknown.

But if the experience of the Packinghouse Workers is any gauge, NLRA coverage would be handy. Operating under the Insular Labor Law, with provisions similar to the NLRA, the Packinghouse Workers organized a field union in Puerto Rico. Yet here, where it has spent about a half-million dollars on organizing campaigns in the last seven years, it has been unable to establish one.

Stable unions have been established without legal protection, of course; the success of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen in Hawaii is a good example of this. But the ILWU had something the AWOC has yet to develop: economic power, represented by its ability to tie up the island's ports. The AWOC is in no position to

tie up California agriculture. It hasn't even tried. It has been content so far to concentrate on pinpoint picketing as various crops ripen, hitting growers only where surveys indicate some chance of victory.

But the AWOC hopes to take another leaf from the ILWU book: the use of hiring halls, probably the best way to establish the basic stability the committee needs to sustain a collective-bargaining relationship.

Growers, however, control the real means by which union stability could be achieved. Except for financial speculation, there's no reason why many of California's 130 major crops must be brought to maturity so quickly, or be concentrated in any particular area. By merely smoothing out the seasonal harvest curve through staggered planting and sensible crop diversification, California farmers could utilize almost the entire force of migrant workers within the state, and almost year-round.

These are AWOC goals—to end migration and to provide farm workers with something more than a few months' work a year. But, unless forced, the corporate powers who control California agriculture will provide no such help. Small farmers may want a stable and undemoralized work force, but this is precisely what those who dictate to them don't want.

A fundamental problem, clearly, is to force the corporate powers into planning with their workers in mind. There is the possibility of help, in this regard, from Congress and the State Legislature. Growers, who have been able to keep the upper hand by their ability to push through repressive legislation, finally are faced with lobbies at least equal to their own powerful groups. Liberal legislators, moreover, are pushing for legal reforms which, among other things, would bring agriculture under the NLRA and provide for compulsory arbitration in farm-labor disputes. This may be the only way to solve the AWOC's basic problems—as some labor officials contend—or there may be other solutions.

The AWOC seems no more certain of what solutions would be best than it is of what the basic structure of its agricultural union should be. No one seems to have the answers, for that matter. Whatever route the AWOC chooses, it's going to require a great deal of time and resources. But this doesn't mean that the AWOC can much longer delay consolidating its gains, giving a definite direction to its organization, and providing some measure of stability to go with the enthusiasm it has inspired in nineteen months of important, but not decisive, accomplishment.

Ph.D. FROM WHERE? . . by Vern L. Bullough

SOME FIFTY years ago, the late Abraham Flexner took a long overdue look at medical education in the United States and Canada. The results were embodied in the famous Flexner Report, published for the Carnegie Foundation, which initiated a revolution in American medical education. Now, fifty years later, another aspect of the rapidly proliferating higher educational scene, namely the Ph.D. program, is ripe for a similar critical survey.

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At the latest count there were some 197 institutions awarding the Ph.D. degree or its equivalent (Ed. D., etc.). Geographically, the schools range from the University of Florida to the University of Alaska, from the University of Maine to the University of Hawaii. Alphabetically, the University of Akron in Ohio leads the list, which ends with Yeshiva University in New York. Academically, the range is just as wide, since it includes the founders of the Association of American Universities, like the University of Chicago, as well as the unaccredited Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Car-

olina. Agewise, Harvard heads the list, but included is the postwar Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass. Forty-eight of the fifty states have institutions offering some kind of earned doctorate with only Nevada and Idaho not yet able to do so.

The American Ph.D. degree has come a long way from its appearance at Yale in 1861 and the reorganization of graduate education which began in 1876 with the founding of Johns Hopkins University. By 1930 there were 2,024 Ph.D. degrees awarded by some seventy-four institutions; by 1958 the number had reached 8,942 and 197 institutions.

The NATION

The most rapid proliferation of degrees and institutions has come since the Second World War. Unfortunately, neither numbers nor diversity implies quality.

There is, for example, no association nor council which has the authority to accredit graduate schools. No scheme for ranking has been generally accepted, although efforts in this direction were made both in the early thirties and middle forties. Some of the schools are not even accredited in their undergraduate programs, although almost all of them have some form of accreditation for their various professional graduate schools such as medicine, business or social work. The Association of Graduate Schools in the Association of American Universities lists some forty-one graduate schools as meeting their "high standards of graduate work at the doctoral level." This, however, leaves more than 150 schools offering the Ph.D. — some with large student bodies — not qualified to belong to the association, and hundreds more that offer a terminal master's degree.

STANDARDS vary greatly in the graduate schools. Library resources range from almost nothing to the multi-million volumes of the more famous schools. Faculty teaching loads go from a norm of six hours in the better schools to over fifteen hours in others (plus dissertation direction, committee work and numerous other academic work projects). Some schools run their graduate program almost entirely in the evening with the assistance of much part-time help, a system condemned by Flexner in his survey of medical schools as conducive neither to learning nor to scholarship. Endowments range from the hundreds of millions to an almost total lack; many schools have tremendous state appropriations behind them, while others attempt to run almost entirely on tuition. (Flexner called this type "proprietary institutions" and felt they should be eliminated. Unfortunately, some of the more prolific American graduate schools could be called proprietary in the worst sense of the word.) Faculties also vary greatly from Nobel or

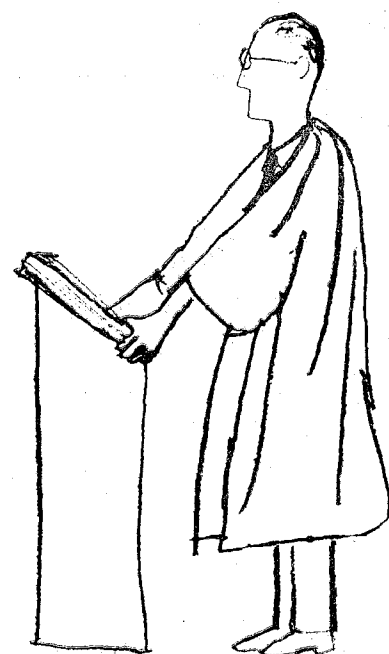
Pulitzer laureates to people unknown not only outside their school, but even outside their own departments.

The result has been to create as great a variation in the Ph.D. degree as Flexner found in the M.D. degree back in 1910. When Flexner made his study, there were some 150 institutions awarding the M.D. degree, many of which had poor academic standards, little endowment and a lack of research facilities. Flexner recommended that the number be cut to thirty-one schools, because the country could neither support nor did it need more. While not all of his recommendations were followed, many of them were. No such drastic revision should be done to American graduate education now, but certainly some sort of minimum standards should be adopted.

IT SEEMS obvious that graduate education to be at all adequate requires a heavy investment of both money and time, neither of which can come without large endowments or appropriations; it cannot be successful on a strictly part-time basis since the nature of most subjects requires some period of concentrated attention. Flexner argued this in 1910 and it is just as valid today. Faculties in graduate schools should have reduced loads, to allow them both to devote time to directing the work of their students and to do the necessary research which is supposed to distinguish the teacher in the graduate university from his colleagues in undergraduate institutions.

Adequate graduate education would imply large, well-equipped libraries and full laboratory facilities. Classes in graduate schools should be given over almost entirely to graduate students, so that they compete with other graduate students and not with undergraduates (as is the case in many graduate schools).

But merely saying these things does not bring any improvement to the higher educational scene. Probably most faculty and administrators know the problem, but rationalize it or explain it away by arguing that they can give more attention to a graduate student and so their particular graduate program is justified.



To complicate matters, the status symbols attached to a faculty member who has Ph.D. students, or who teaches in a graduate school, are such that faculty pressure itself often is a factor in the establishment of a graduate program. This and the empire building of college or university presidents, regional pride or other such reasons are rapidly increasing the number of schools. There is little reason to suspect that Idaho and Nevada will hold back much longer, and most cities of even medium size will demand graduate schools of their own where they do not already have them. In point of fact, some of the accrediting associations themselves tend to push schools into entering the graduate program in order better to "serve the community." The predicted but not yet realized college-teacher shortage also adds to the pressures.

In order to establish minimal standards, some sort of body should attempt to survey the field and make legitimate recommendations. What American graduate education needs right now is probably a second Abraham Flexner. Any volunteers?

(Continued from inside cover)

beauty and grooming; 6.5 per cent foods; 6.5 per cent home furnishings; 6 per cent amusements, and the remaining 6 per cent a variety of subjects. . . .

AARON COHEN
Research Director, SEVENTEEN
New York City

September 24, 1960

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Conservative Therapy

WORDS AND THINGS. By Ernest Gellner. Beacon Press, 270 pp. \$5.

Hans Meyerhoff and Alvin N. Main

A NEW GAME is being played in the name of philosophy — a language game. It was conceived by Ludwig Wittgenstein in a work entitled *Philosophical Investigations* (1953). The meaning of this elusive work is still very much in dispute, as is the puzzling personality of its author. Yet it is relatively safe to say that the *Philosophical Investigations* is an altogether different work from Wittgenstein's youthful masterpiece, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (1922), and that it represents a new way of doing philosophy. The key to this new conception is the notion that philosophers can learn a great deal by analyzing the language we use in ordinary life as if it were a kind of game. This game theory of philosophy contributed substantially to the rise of a new movement called Linguistic Philosophy, with headquarters in Oxford. And this movement is the target of Ernest Gellner's critical analysis and attack in *Words and Things*.

Wittgenstein is the central figure in Mr. Gellner's story; and that is right in the sense that Wittgenstein was a thinker of the greatest originality among his contemporaries and that his decision to do philosophy after the manner of language games did influence the new Oxford movement. Yet, despite this influence, it is not correct to make Wittgenstein the patron saint of contemporary Oxford philosophy. He always remained an outsider in the English scene. Born in Austria, he wrote in German (in a prose style of extraordinary power), and he derived most of his philosophical inspiration from non-British sources. Moreover, he intensely disliked academic philosophy and referred to postwar Oxford as a "philosophical desert." Finally, as Mr. Gellner shows, Oxford philosophy is deeply attached to a defense of common sense, and the philosophy of Common

Sense is deeply rooted in the tradition of English thought. In this century, the two outstanding representatives of this tradition were G. E. Moore at Cambridge and John Cook Wilson at Oxford. Wilson published very little and is hardly known outside the classroom, but he had as profound an influence upon contemporary Linguistic Philosophers through teaching as G. E. Moore did through his writings. It is questionable whether Wittgenstein fits into the Common Sense tradition as neatly as Mr. Gellner says he does. And it is more accurate to view the contemporary Oxford movement of Linguistic Philosophy as a kind of hybrid — an offshoot from the Common Sense branch of English thought that adapts Wittgenstein's idea of playing philosophical language games for its own purposes.

BUT WHY is language a game? And why do we play it in the name of philosophy?

There is a view of language which, at first sight, appears much more familiar and persuasive than the game theory. According to this view our words and sentences say something about the world. When we say, "The grass is green," we think that we describe a real fact in the world; when we say, "John loves Mary," we think that we are saying something about a real state of affairs. We are not playing a "game." On the contrary, we are presumably saying something that is either true or false, and which it is depends on something in the world, not on the language we use. Thus it seems reasonable to suppose that language is a kind of copy, mirror, or picture of the world, and that the general structure of our language may be a key to the general structure of reality. Philosophers since Plato have, in fact, held this view; so did Wittgenstein in his *Tractatus*.

Yet this view is also unsatisfactory. "Mermaids are green," does not describe anything in the world nor does the request, "Close the window, please." Again, there are statements such as "Communism is hell" or "The Kingdom of God is within," which serve purposes in communication other than stating the "truth" in the literal sense. Even purely descriptive sentences are often used for other purposes. "The grass is

green" may also express a commendation. "John loves Mary" may also be used as a warning to an interested third party. Our daily language is full of expressions which are commands, warnings, exhortations, persuasions, metaphors, evaluations, etc., so that it is, indeed, a legitimate question to ask whether anything we say is ever used *only* to make a statement about some factual situation in the world.

Thus it is not surprising that some philosophers have come to look upon language primarily as a tool or instrument. In their view, the chief (perhaps only?) function of language — at least, of ordinary, non-technical, non-scientific language — is to get things done in the world, not to describe them. Language itself is a way of doing things, a kind of business transaction, as it were, serving definite and different purposes. This view is a familiar aspect of American Pragmatism. And while Oxford philosophers do not care to give credit to John Dewey, who expressed some such ideas a long time ago, Wittgenstein did acknowledge his indebtedness to William James.

THE NOTION of the language game emerges within this pragmatic context. For if language is an instrument, like a hammer, it becomes important, of course, to know how to *use* it. Or suppose we take a game like chess. We must, obviously, learn how to use the pieces, and we do so by learning the *name* of each piece and the *rules* according to which it is moved. The "meaning" of each move, as it were, is determined by the rules. Similarly with language: we must also learn the names of the "pieces" — the words — and how to "move" them according to the rules. The names we give to things may be quite as artificial and arbitrary as are the pieces in chess. What counts in communication is how to use them according to the rules of grammar, syntax and logic. If we don't abide by the rules, we don't make sense, i.e., we don't use the tools of our language so that we achieve the purposes we pursue in life. Hence, the oft-repeated maxim of Linguistic Philosophy: Don't ask for the meaning, ask for the *use*! In this way, language may be envisaged as a game in which we study the manifold uses of words and the complex rules that determine their meanings in different contexts.

The new game pays off in at least

The NATION

HANS MEYERHOFF, author of *Time and Literature* and editor of *The Philosophy of History*, teaches philosophy at the University of California. ALVIN N. MAIN teaches at St. John's College, Annapolis.

two respects. First, it gives philosophers something to do and a reason for doing it. Threatened by "technological unemployment," philosophers have a new profession and a new identity. They play with ordinary language. More precisely, they serve as umpires, or coaches, so that others may know how to play the game correctly and not say anything that is ruled out as "logically odd." This supervision may be fascinating, because our language — as the poets have always known — is rich and full of surprises. It is also quite lengthy. In fact, as Mr. Gellner says, it may be as interminable as psychoanalysis, for there is no end to the nuances and shadings in the words we use.

There is a second, rather unexpected, bonus. Playing the language game is also a kind of therapy. For why should philosophers study the use of words in ordinary language? They do so because a return to this language is also a return to sanity. And it serves as a cure for the perplexities which arise as a result of the abuse of language in traditional philosophy. The old order in philosophy, according to this view, makes a fundamental error in believing that it is the business of philosophy to say something about the nature of "things" instead of the uses of "words." Linguistic Philosophy claims that the ancient philosophical ambition — to contribute something to human *knowledge* or to discover some *truths* about man and the world — was an illusion with fatal consequences. It produced insoluble puzzles, paradoxes and perplexities which have become the professional disease of philosophy; and it induced "mental cramps" and intellectual despair in the poor people who chose this profession. Thus we need a new therapy — Linguistic Philosophy — to dissolve the theoretical complexes buried in the collective unconscious of traditional philosophy.

THESE gains — a new sense of identity and a new method of therapy — are not negligible. But they are bought at a price, and Mr. Gellner is as merciless as he is brilliant in exposing the fee charged. In brief, the price is nothing less than giving up the calling of philosophy. "A cleric who loses his faith," as Mr. Gellner remarks, "abandons his calling, a philosopher who loses *his* redefines his subject-matter." In redefining its subject-matter, Linguistic Philosophy has defined the "ordinary use" of philosophy out of existence. What was once a vocation has become a safe, academic profession.

That is a necessary consequence of
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playing the game. For once we sit down to it, we are stuck — caught like "the fly in the bottle," which haunted Wittgenstein as a nightmare. Other games — whether bingo or baseball, whether logic or science — we can always step back from and judge as observers. We can always state the rules by which we play in a language which is not part of the game itself. Then if necessary, we can change the rules. But we cannot do this in the game of ordinary language. We cannot set up new rules; we cannot even *justify* the rules that we have. For the new rules we propose, or the justifications we provide, must always be stated in that same ordinary language. Hence, they presuppose, and make use of, the old rules. We are then forced to the melancholy conclusion that "It is not [the] job" of a linguistic philosopher "to justify the statements of common sense. . . . [Instead] it is his job to justify the statement that they need no justification."

This is an odd conception of philosophy. It means, in effect, that philosophy is nothing but a justification of common sense as revealed in ordinary language. There is, of course, much to be said for pricking metaphysical bubbles and logical pretentiousness in the name of common sense. There is also much to be said for rethinking the function of philosophy in our time. But whatever may be said in favor of Linguistic Philosophy along these lines, its way is not the way that philosophy has ordinarily followed. It has always been used for altogether different purposes — to expose the banalities of common sense and to prick the prejudices of the linguistic market place. Indeed, it has always been used to examine critically the validity of any language, whether ordinary, scientific, political, or religious.

According to the Linguistic philosopher, "Our common stock of words embodies all the distinctions men have found worth drawing." Thus we can never learn anything that we don't know already as part of this preferred stock. It contains all the common knowledge we need to live by if we but learn to tap its hidden resources — the wisdom of common sense. One standard practice of Linguistic Philosophy, therefore — one of the "four pillars" upon which it rests, according to Mr. Gellner — is to argue from the customary use of words to the truth or the falsity of a philosophical theory. For example, it is customary to say of a man who marries a girl without external compulsion that he did so "of his own free will." Thus there is a linguistically correct use

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of "free will," and from this we may conclude that there must be free will, or that determinism must be a false (or meaningless) philosophical view. "No one can deny," Bertrand Russell observes, "that this is an easy way to solve age-old problems." Any departure from accepted usage is a violation of "linguistic conventions," and this is a "perverse, ill-mannered, and misleading" practice which Linguistic Philosophy has come to cure. It is ill-mannered because, "in matters of ordinary language rules of good manners fade into logical rules."

IN SHORT, ours is to play the game, not to reason why. If we don't play "cricket," we are not gentlemen — or philosophers. That must be a comforting thought to the powers that be. Surely, Mr. Gellner is right in the simple, basic line of his criticism: this philosophy is a "conservative ideology" and a "withering away of philosophy" in the ordinary sense.

Like any other ideological system, it has its *Weltanschauung*. Linguistic Philosophy is deceptive in pretending that it does not have a general view of the world — or a metaphysics. It rests, as Mr. Gellner points out, on the firm, tautological foundations that "things are as they are." For in taking the language we have for granted, we also take the "world" for granted, or the world-view that this language reflects. In Wittgenstein's words, "philosophy may in no way interfere with the actual use of language. . . . It leaves everything as it is."

Thus linguistic therapy means: to leave everything as it is. The reality-principle prevails — as usual. Moreover, reality is nothing but custom and common sense as expressed in the "correct" and "proper" use of language. Maladjustment, therefore, is a malfunctioning of our "linguistic habits," and philosophical therapy is a process of adjusting these habits so that they automatically conform to the requirements of the Queen's English. To call this a "revolution in philosophy" would seem to be a trick played on ordinary language. It is a counterrevolution. No wonder that Wittgenstein lived to deplore and disown his influence on Oxford Philosophy.

Mr. Gellner, described by *The Economist* as a man who "teaches philosophy to sociologists at the London School of Economics," offers a perceptive analysis of the social and cultural implications of this conservative revolution. He does not pull his punches.

Linguistic Philosophy is a "travesty of thought," "an inverted vision which treats genuine thought as a disease and dead thought as a paradigm of health." Specializing in "conspicuous triviality," it has become a secular substitute for Established Religion in which the exegesis of the Bible has given way to the exegesis of Common Sense as revealed in the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

These are strong words; Mr. Gellner adopts a kind of shock therapy of criticism. It's not surprising, therefore, that he has become a center of controversy. The initial response seems to have been to meet his attack with dignified silence. Thus *Mind*, the leading philosophical journal in England, simply refused to review *Words and Things*. Then Bertrand Russell wrote an open letter to the *London Times* in which he charged Gilbert Ryle, Oxford philosopher and editor of *Mind*, with shirking his professional responsibilities. Professor Ryle replied in his own defense, and the English press fanned this tempest in the academic teapot with letters and replies, charges and countercharges.

The Revolution Cometh

IN DEFENSE OF IGNORANCE. By Karl Shapiro. Random House. 338 pp. \$4.

M. L. Rosenthal

"THE APPEARANCE of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*," writes William Carlos Williams in his *Autobiography*, was "the great catastrophe." The work of the new American poets "staggered under the blast of Eliot's genius which gave the poem back to the academics." Williams felt he had been left stranded:

Critically Eliot returned us to the classroom just at the moment when I felt that we were on the point of an escape to matters much closer to the essence of a new art form itself—rooted in the locality which should give it fruit. I knew at once that in certain ways I was most defeated. . . . This is not to say that Eliot has not, indirectly, contributed much to the emergence of the next step in metrical construction, but if he had not turned away from the direct attack here, in the western dialect, we might have gone ahead much faster. . . .

M. L. ROSENTHAL, poetry editor of *The Nation*, is the author of *A Primer of Ezra Pound* (Macmillan). His *The Modern Poets* (Oxford) will be published in October.

Subsequent notices of Mr. Gellner's book, mostly in non-professional journals, still show that the reviewers don't quite know what to do with an author who refuses to play the game according to academic protocol. Thus they have complained about the exasperating manners of this angry young philosopher. They have also tried to show where he is carried away by his polemical temper and where he is vulnerable because he overshoots his mark, but they have not met him head-on. Now, philosophy has rarely been conducted according to court etiquette, and Mr. Gellner is saying something, with detailed documentation, which must deeply disturb anybody who is still concerned about what we are doing in the name of philosophy. The official reaction to his book is, in fact, a kind of footnote to Mr. Gellner's main theme. Philosophy may be in bad shape when philosophers are so worried about preserving good manners that they fail to rejoice at having a young man in their midst who believes that philosophy is a serious enough discipline to be worth getting angry about.

It is impossible to know Williams' poetry and not sympathize with these feelings. And it is impossible to know the work of Eliot, and of Pound whose advocacy of Eliot gave Williams still further reason to despair, without resenting and resisting a certain presumption of authority and tendentiousness in them. Similarly, Yeats's particular "set" in the period of his greatest work — but earlier too — is irritating in some important ways. Robert Graves, Robert Hillyer, Conrad Aiken, and a host of other writers, the latest of them Karl Shapiro, have lashed out at the domination of the twentieth-century poetic scene by one or another or all of these writers, and sometimes have tried to show them (a mistake Williams has not made) as bad poets in the bargain.

They have not succeeded in destroying these men's stature, and I do not think they will succeed in the future. The reason is, most simply, that with all their faults Yeats, Pound and Eliot have created a body of very powerful poetry. It is often difficult and eccentric but it is magnetic, and it has compelled and shaped the modern imagination in very important ways. It is not true, as Karl Shapiro asserts, that they have been forced down the throats of students and other readers by the New Critics and that, left to themselves, the poetry-read-

ing audience would turn elsewhere. "Mauberley," "Gerontion," "The Second Coming," and other work that Mr. Shapiro dismisses as poor poetry have won their place because of their intrinsic character. If I, as a teacher of modern poetry in an American university, should stop teaching these writers, my best students would stop enrolling in my courses, and properly. Of course, if Mr. Shapiro, whose work has been thoroughly influenced by them via Auden (whose influence he also deplores), chooses to break away from them now, that is his prerogative as an artist — and more power to him if he can advance his art thereby. That is another matter.

What is indeed most striking about *In Defense of Ignorance*, a collection of lectures and articles, is their author's confusion between his own perspectives as a poet and everything else under the sun. A poet has a right not to be an intellectual, but that does not mean that all true intellectuals must therefore commit suicide. Criticism may not be Mr. Shapiro's *métier*; he proclaims as much. Genuine critics will not therefore stop dead in their tracks and refuse to think henceforth about what literature means, aesthetically or culturally or analytically or in whatever other way their insight leads them. In fact, Mr. Shapiro himself, when he is carried away by his subjects, thinks in this way rather strikingly — and his more stimulating observations are of the "cultural" order he attacks most violently. For example:

... Eliot's fears of being taken for a provincial . . . are part of the New England heritage — the worst part — which leads the New Englander to become the Old Englander. Eliot's early life and work follow an almost hypnotic pattern; one might call him that pseudo-American, the type which finally won New England from the immigrant and gave it back to "history."

It is a pity Mr. Shapiro does not give us more ideas of this sort. Clearly he likes talking about such matters, and the passages in which he does so are much more illuminating than the casual pronouncements (such as that "Voyages" is "one of Hart Crane's worst poems") and the incomplete readings of various poems (such as Eliot's "Rhapsody on a Windy Night" and Yeats's "Easter 1916") scattered through the book.

THE major points of his book, in fact, are all vitiated by this inherent off-handedness—what Swift, I think, called argument by "uncontrollable logic" — combined with the self-contradictory character of the enterprise itself: a criti-

cal work intended to disprove the value of criticism. The literary scene, says Mr. Shapiro in a series of half-accurate pronouncements, is dominated by a criticism that is neither scholarly nor evaluative but destructively, stupidly, anti-poetically analytical. The influence of Yeats, Pound, Eliot and Auden is largely harmful because it is inseparable from the ideology-centered character of modern criticism. We need to turn instead to Whitman, Lawrence, Williams, Dylan Thomas, Henry Miller for models of an unself-conscious art unsullied by hyperintellectuality. The case is certainly self-evident—who doubts it?—for the recurrent importance of poetry's making a "fresh start" toward an art of immediacy. (Informed intelligence is an essential element of poetic self-renewal, though, as Robert Duncan's most recent work reveals.) But the history of the generation of writers Shapiro has turned against is precisely of a search for such immediacy through the sloughing off of dead conventions and the development of techniques for presenting poetic insights, whether simple or complex, as directly as possible. Modern criticism developed largely as a result of the need to clarify the new approach, which was itself a response to crucial developments in modern history and thought. I don't think anyone would quarrel with the need, and the right — the duty — of every poet to write in his own way, out of his own motives, rather than as an exercise in the kind of thing Eliot or Ransom might approve. The rich variety of the work of our younger poets is sufficient evidence that the influence of the older poetic generation is not the stifling burden Mr. Shapiro claims it is.

IN ANY case I think he makes far too much of the difference between the position taken by Whitman, Lawrence and Williams, in contrast to that taken by the writers he attacks as too intellectually and critically orientated. Criticism as a whole has never rejected the first group. Whitman and Lawrence have been the subject of a vast amount of critical and scholarly attention, and Randall Jarrell's famous defense of the former's art is a direct outgrowth of the modern emphasis on the values of concreteness, organic form and sensitivity of language as opposed to "poetizing" rhetoric (though in Whitman the latter element constantly threatens disaster) saturated with the spirit of Lawrence.

Finally, I have always felt — perhaps mistakenly, but I am prepared to defend the feeling — that Williams and Eliot (or Pound) are two sides of the same coin, the localist and the cosmopolitan:

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the dominant motifs, and the inner sensitivities, are very similar in important ways. The critics — Mr. Shapiro's oft-repeated and ambiguous "they" — are not all agreed on any of these matters; each has his own qualities, as do the poets. For the American writers of Mr. Shapiro's generation (it is incredible, but he touches on none of their work in all these pages) all the great elders he mentions have been strong, and converging, influences.

"A fine wind," wrote Lawrence, "is blowing the new direction of Time." He was talking about something else than tendencies in American poetry, bless him, but the words are applicable nevertheless. A new generation of poets is rising, and many of them are the sons of Williams. *That* side of the coin is going to be turned up for a while now, for most of these poets want to "be themselves" both lightly and intensely — *paradoxically*, as those dreadful New Critics

would say. They feel at home with Dr. Williams, and they are following him in their attempts to employ a freely modulated line and stanza, their refusal to write "well-made" poems (indeed, there is one tendency to abandon the idea of a poem as an autonomous unit with an "inevitable" structure altogether), and their insistently uninhibited diction. Who is the other master that most obviously informs their work? Pound, of course — *vide* the writing of Olson, at least, to say nothing of the social rhetoric of the San Franciscans. Mr. Shapiro's would-be anti-rationalism, confused and arbitrary as his presentation is, does reflect dimly the emergence of a renewed anarchist-revolutionary personality in the work of a large number of younger poets. But that emergence is in a direct line with the great poetry of the first third of this century, and with the "ideologists" of the depression decade to a surprising degree.

ic epitaph for all these tortured people: "This isn't me," he says, "this isn't me."

It is in the memory of Hawkins that we find the theme of *The Double View* set forth nakedly. He remembers his father thundering at him: "Remember this, boy! You better be yourself in this life, 'cause it's sure you can't be nobody else!" To which he replies: "I absolutely agree with you, Poppa! But *how*? Please tell me how!"

It is the question of the age, a question each of us asks and answers in as many ways as we have identities. Mr. Brossard, being the astute fellow he is, gives no answers, implies that there are none available in our ambiguous age. Instead he gives us, in scene after scene, infinite variations on the question. He gives them in sharp, conversational style, an instrument he uses with compassion and wild humor. He does not stay us with irrelevancies. He writes no fancy descriptions, no prose poems about inanimate settings, only a fierce concentration on his Pirandelloesque question.

And since his basic point is that the world is a dream, with no reality beyond our moment-to-moment fantasies, he has rendered, with disconcerting skill, a landscape with no felt reality. Thus it is very nearly the first novel to be an artistic working out of Freud's basic dictum that the imagined exerts as much power on an individual as the actual.

BROSSARD is not concerned to make us believe that the events described in his book really took place somewhere in the real world and that he, the omnipresent novelist, jotted them down in a notebook and then transferred them to the printed page. That is the easy way for the writer to get the reader to suspend his disbelief, and it is the way most American fiction, in thrall to the realistic aesthetic, is written. It has become, in the hands of most novelists, a con game. They distract our attention from the unbelievable doings and motivations

People as Commodities

THE DOUBLE VIEW. By Chandler Brossard. Dial Press. 188 pp. \$3.50.

Richard Schickel

CHANDLER BROSSARD'S new novel is a beautifully compressed book without an unnecessary line or even word. The fashionable name for the sort of work he has written is "anti-novel," but he has carried that genre farther than have most of his predecessors. They have been content merely to dispense with heroes. Brossard has dispensed with characters entirely — at least in the conventional novelistic meaning of that term. We cannot depend on them to behave logically, to develop consistently, as the textbooks say characters should. This is not a result of carelessness or ineptitude; it is essential to the meaning of this artfully artless novel.

In a note on the book's jacket, Brossard says he is trying to show "what happens when people lose sight of God; when they begin to use each other, the way we use commodities. . . ." The use to which his people put one another is the work of definition. For all his people lack identity and all of them are seeking it, not within themselves but in the external world. They are changelings, defined and redefined only through their contacts with situations and — most particularly — other people. Thus, it is almost impossible to predict what

they will do next and it is almost impossible to remember who is who. They are the possessors, not merely of double views but of multiple views, and life for them is a trip through an endless hall of distorting mirrors.

THERE IS no plot in the conventional meaning of that term either. In a hallucinatory world, Brossard's characters brush against one another constantly in their frantic search for their true selves, and out of these fortuitous encounters rises the string of incidents which make up the novel, including the climactic one in which several of them at last find what Brossard believes to be the only dependable reality — violence, which includes mass rape and death. As Hawkins, the Negro intellectual, lies dying of a policeman's bullet he gasps the pathetic

Afternoon Funeral

Pine resin fresh on a long yellow crate,
Fresh in silence is a blind dog's whimper,
Shine of three o'clock sun seems to simmer
Asphalt ribbon to a black sticky crape.

Mustard in flower, resin in color,
Glistens erotic near manicured green;
Third stroke has rung; now only the whimper
Whistling coldly through heat frozen sheen.

Four o'clock shimmer, the mustard is limp,
Red-brown burnt clay has degraded clean green.
Fourth stroke muffled, upbraided by whimpers,
Where a blind dog circled, burnt earth is grim.

GORDON ELLIS

RICHARD SCHICKEL'S *The World of Carnegie Hall* will shortly be published by Julian Messner.

of their characters by overpowering us with the realism of their settings. Since he describes the interior of that apartment so perfectly, we say to ourselves, he must be doing an equally accurate job on the interiors of his characters' minds. Mostly, of course, writers are doing neither very well, which is why nine-tenths of our fiction seems to us irrelevant to our major concerns, and therefore unreal and unimportant to us.

We don't know — or care — if the happenings in *The Double View* really happened or if they merely represent projections of the attitudes of the writer's patients (pardon me, characters). What is important is that we know in our souls that the attitudes expressed are true. We know they are true because they are the attitudes of all of us who have tried to find meaning, or ourselves, in the world beyond our own psyches. Their desperation is one every modern man has felt at some time or another.

Science and Value

THE EDGE OF OBJECTIVITY. By Charles Coulston Gillispie. Princeton University Press. 562 pp. \$7.50.

Robert E. Schofield

CHARLES GILLISPIE'S *Edge of Objectivity* exhibits the broadness of reference and stimulation of ideas and argument that make the history of science one of the fastest growing of academic disciplines. Not really an introduction, for it requires of the reader a degree of scientific sophistication, this book can still be read for an initial appreciation both of the history of science and of the development of scientific ideas.

The Edge of Objectivity deals primarily with the "classical" period—beginning with Copernicus and essentially ending with James Clerk Maxwell — and is the only recent book to survey nineteenth-century science with the same analytical care given earlier periods. Nevertheless, Dr. Gillispie ranges backward and forward in time to include cogent comments on the sciences of Plato, Aristotle, the medieval mechanists, and on Einstein and the early logical positivists. This is not a chronological but an analytical history of science, rather like

ROBERT E. SCHOFIELD, who now teaches the History of Science at Case Institute of Technology, was once a physicist and worked at Oak Ridge. He has just completed a book on the Lunar Society of Birmingham (England), and is now projecting one on Joseph Priestley.

September 24, 1960

the axiomatic science of Descartes, of which Dr. Gillispie writes with so much sympathy and charm.

The author agrees with the late George Sarton that only in science is there a genuinely progressive (accumulative) development of knowledge. This progress is achieved through the increasing objectivity with which science considers the natural world. Throughout the book there runs a second, but related, unifying theme: that the consequence of this moving "edge of objectivity" is an inevitable alienation of the scientist from the rest of society. The layman can, at most, appreciate the protean powers of applied science; he will never accept the coldly impersonal, purposeless, "morally passive" world described by pure science.

ONE does not need to accept that part of Dr. Gillispie's thesis (I do not) to find the book outstanding. The author has used the latest monographic studies to make his work thoroughly up to date. He writes with urbanity and originality of idea, in a way that challenges the interest of a thoughtful reader. His judgments, for example, of the work of Francis Bacon (unintellectual depreciation of real science) and Goethe (anti-science) have something of the air of delightful malice he finds in the dialogues of Galileo; his studies of Lavoisier, of Faraday and of Maxwell are scarcely less charming and considerably more important. Gillispie even manages to write of Darwin in a brisk, fresh way, though the past year of Darwinian ponderosities leaves little new to be said. In fact, on topic after topic, from Copernicus, Kepler, Vesalius and Harvey, through the Enlightenment, Lamarck, Cuvier and Mendel, to Mayer and Helmholtz, this book presents a succession of provocative analyses which anyone interested in the history of science should read.

Nor are significant factual errors to be found in the work (except for those noted by an accompanying errata sheet). If one is to seek a quarrel with the book, it must lie in Gillispie's excessively broad definition of "objectivity," which is only implicitly stated and which permits the support of his thesis. That science, by its rigor, lack of passion and discipline of proof by external verities, differs fundamentally from other intellectual activities is not a new idea. Dr. Gillispie, however, supports that claim with an almost self-conscious ingenuity that frequently seems denied by his own material. Though he exercises his right to select topics for discussion, Gillispie tries to present a complete and honest picture of the selected materials. Consequently his work provides frequent

justification for interpretations that differ from his own. Again and again, he writes of sources of scientific imagination which are anything but concrete. They may be aesthetic, religious, or some all-embracing world picture held with passionate stubbornness against that most objective of disproofs — the observation of material circumstance. He presents Galileo almost as the architect of objectivity in science and at the same time describes Galileo's science as one "in which the real is described by the ideal, the concrete by the abstract, matter by mind."

Science may be "inhuman" after it has been created, but the creative processes have inevitably been human as, of course, were the defenses of controverted results. The pictures scientists drew were, perhaps, non-moral and purposeless, but they were conceived in thought and written in a species of logic, neither of which has standing in the definition of objectivity.

Still, this is a superbly interesting work, well written, informative and well produced. The views expressed are too individual for the book to become a standard text, but it is almost necessary reading, all the same, for those who wish to know why scientists describe the world as they do and how they came to do so.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE 1960-61 season begins trippingly. *The Ice Capades* (Madison Square Garden) is no mere athletic event: it is a form of theatre. In it we find not only prowess manifested in grace, but a feeling for the dance. The best skaters make us forget the instrument that serves them: we think only of the line and pattern their bodies trace. The skaters seem to take pride and pleasure in their performance, as if they were as much "carried away" as they hope the audience will be. They slide, glide and coil with a certain aerial ecstasy — and we with them! The effect is smoothly sensuous with barely a trace of eroticism. It is not inappropriate in this context to speak of aesthetic appreciation. "Beauty," Nietzsche wrote, "moves on light feet."

The star is Ronnie Robertson who swirls enchantingly on one leg while, in debonair ease, he appears to lean on the ice with his arm as support. Barbara Wagner and Robert Paul float in a kind of rapturous accord, synthesis rather than unison. The "Old Smoothies" — practitioners of a certain age — bring to their simple ballroom turn a touch of old-time charm that is delightfully domestic. And there are always the comedians, whose antics are rendered exciting as well as hilarious by their terrifying tricks.

As I watched this show at the Garden it occurred to me that what gives any performance that has been brought to the point of perfection its special edge is the presence of danger masterfully overcome. Did not Goethe say that he would like the theatre's platform (he was speaking of the dramatic stage) to be as narrow in a way as the trapeze artist's path, so that those who could not manage to cross it triumphantly might fall — and trouble us no more!

MARCEL MARCEAU (City Center) is an admirable artist whose miming is true theatre. He is a Frenchman, but I would guess that there is a pinch of Russian in his background. This guess is not prompted by the fact that his version of Gogol's short story "The Overcoat" provides the climax of his program, but because there is a certain nineteenth-century romantic melancholy and glamour in his irony that is not unlike the quality found in some of Pushkin's tales, as well as in Lermonotov and Goncharov. Marceau is often comic, but his comedy is chiefly that of heartbreak.

His numbers are frequently fragmentary and nearly always of fragile texture, but they are woven out of the poetry of defeat. The momentary victories of the little people who are central to Marceau's sketches are always menaced by disaster and generally end in disappointment if not in dismal failure. The poor clerk in "The Overcoat" is robbed of his single prized possession and disappears from view as naked of hope as he is of vesture. Marceau's china salesman wrecks his wares. (This sketch contains almost the only instance of rebellious outrage.) His acrobat is frightened and, though he avoids breaking his neck, his success is bought at too awful a price in trepidation. There is always the moment of childish glee in (partial) achievement followed by horrible anxiety over the difficulty of the task that he has set himself and finally the anguish of disaster. The balloon always bursts.

Marceau's mask, topped by a wild tuft of russet hair, is mad: the lips are thin, the eyes startled, the face haggard. The body — which through its control seems to be wrought of steel wire — still looks lean, emaciated. The angular movement fashions a picturesque charm through awkwardness and distortion — as in Toulouse-Lautrec and Daumier. The ultimate impression in Marceau is sharp, penetrating, small. Only occasionally does the emotion extend beyond the framework of the "picture." These are the moments which, as Stark Young would phrase it, attain the flower in drama.

THE GREAT majority of playgoers pretends to dote on Gilbert and Sullivan. Yet I have a suspicion that the thrice-familiar work of these astonishing Englishmen is not sufficiently understood. What is overlooked, for example, is that Gilbert was not only a first-class literary craftsman — his lyrics are models of compression in parody, of clarity in theatrical communicativeness, of precise vocabulary in dry joshing — but a social critic in the peculiar manner of the English satirist who strangles with an embrace and whose flattery is a sort of slaughter. *We may*

take the jibes at Victorian snobbery and (upper) class consciousness on which *Pinafore* is based as rather mild fun, but we should remember that it was written in 1878 when these characteristics dominated the audiences to whom the piece was addressed. Though Gilbert's thrusts, which are always delivered with the most polite air of innocent solemnity, were a sign of the imminent dissolution of Victorian stuffiness as well as one of the implements which helped the process, the great bulwark has to this day not yet been entirely demolished. To destroy what had become traditionally English required all the cunning and craft which went into the fostering of that tradition. That is why Gilbert's work is as indestructible as Wilde's equally "frivolous" *Importance of Being Earnest*.

Gilbert raised decorum to the pitch of ridicule. Sullivan's melodies — stolen from everyone worth plagiarizing — sweetened and packaged Gilbert's pungent purgatives. Gilbert's "poison" is more invidious than Shaw's; as served up by Sullivan, it reminds one of the varicolored sweetmeats dispensed by London's Fortnum and Mason.

Tyrone Guthrie is just the man to do *H.M.S. Pinafore* or *The Lass That Loved a Sailor* afresh with the eager and talented Stratford Festival company from Canada (Phoenix). This Irishman has always had a penchant for reducing English pomp and circumstance to priggish nonsense. (His production of *All's Well That Ends Well* is a classic of such treatment.) He is so successful at it not only because of his prankish disposition but because he can at once realize the hoax of English form and exult in it: it makes such a grand show; and form, even when it has become slightly ga-ga, is more attractive than lumpish gray matter.

All the players of this enjoyable production — in which the kidding does not overreach itself — are delightful. My favorites were Douglas Campbell as the Boatswain, Andrew Downie (a lollypop version of John Gielgud) as the Sailor, Harry Mossfield as the Captain, Eric House as the Admiral — and the two leading ladies who sing so pleasingly.

Civil Defense

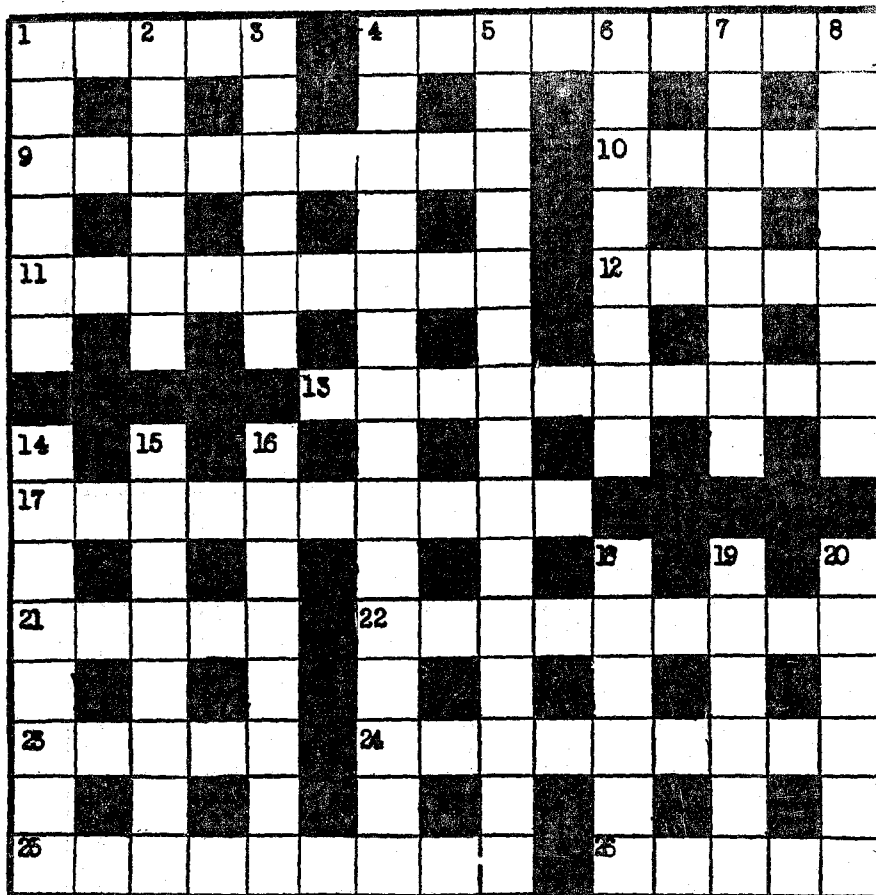
No first-class war can now be fought
Till all that can be sold is bought.
So do get going helter-skelter
And sell each citizen a shelter
Wherein, while being bombed and strafed, he
Can reek and retch and rot in safety.

KENNETH BURKE

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 882

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 10 Evidently the stream has been stacked up against a stronger force. (10)
- 4 Being present when the card is buried could be a highly frustrating experience! (2, 4, 3)
- 9 One might find it Carmen's bad character. (9)
- 10 See 1 across
- 11 The way Pierre says down with change around it? (Evidently such cities gleam in America.) (9)
- 12 Love poetry personified in "Forever at Odds." (5)
- 13 Jack elevated himself by one of these in Navy mess speeches. (10)
- 17 Huxley said there is no one for talent. (10)
- 21 See 18 down
- 22 So your old letters suggest a manner of fragrance? (9)
- 23 The third one might imply extra company will come. (5)
- 24 A proverbially gloomy person returns with secret source of sweetness. (9)
- 25 A word of 4 across, when sharp and cutting. (9)
- 26 If you lose your head with this, you might be powerless. (5)

DOWN:

- 1 A rather large number in father's case suggests plain stretching. (6)
- 2 No American sailor certainly is so

strange as Carl! (6)

- 3 Was she a poor helper? (6)
- 4 The master's up on a construction project for city dwellers. (9, 6)
- 5 When stock comes down, their assets should be liquid. (8, 7)
- 6 Plagues. (8)
- 7 The half-size type capable of living in the manner to which some might aspire? (8)
- 8 He got potted at a famous teaparty. (8)
- 14 The country gets scared silly by those we occasionally trade in. (4, 4)
- 15 A German social worker? That's rich! (8)
- 16 Some flagwavers have such a narrow standard! (8)
- 18 and 21 across The way Romans cried on May Day, traditionally.
- 19 You can't take it with you! (6)
- 20 You might recognize me, Lucy, in school. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 881

ACROSS: 10 and 27 Distaff side; 11 Alberta; 12 Real; 13 Broadening; 15 Cutlass; 16 Suspect; 17 Officer; 20 Punster; 22 Journeyman; 23 Trio; 25 Citadel; 26 Eyelids; 28 Gymnastics. DOWN: 1 Indirect objects; 2 Distant; 3 and 6 Sealions; 4 Unfurled; 5 Scarabs; 8 Slaughterhouses; 9 and 1 across A blessing in disguise; 14 Gasconade; 18 Fruited; 19 Royalty; 20 and 7 Peace in our time; 21 Termini; 24 Debs.

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